

The WHOLE
Prophecies

OF

*Scotland, England, France,
Ireland, and Denmark;*

Prophefied by

Thomas Rymer,

Marvellous MERLING, BEID, BERLING-
TON, WALDHAVE, ELTRAINE, BA-
NESTER, and SYBILLA.

*All agreeing in one; both in Latin Verfe,
and in Scottifh Meeter.*

Containing many Strange and Marvel-
lous Matters, not of before read or
heard.

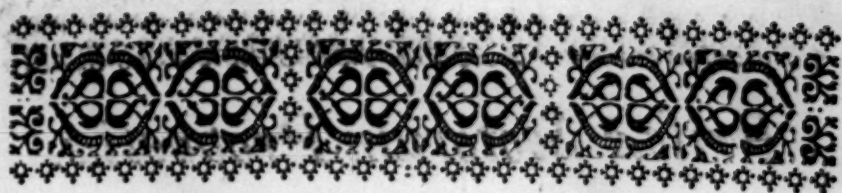
COMPARED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS.

E D I N B U R G H,

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house in the *Fifh-market*. 1737.

44
3 13.
422.





Sacro & Augusto Monarcho,

J A C O B O,

*Magnæ Britannix, Gallix,
& Hibernix, Regi, &c.*

*I*nvictæ Regum Regibus edite,
Regnum Britannum qui Imperio regis
Regali, & unus Christiana
Regula, tum Typus es regendi;
Regnum relictum funere regio,
Regnum receptum munere patrio,
Regnes beatus, nos regendos,
Usque tue soboli relinquens.

A L I U D.

*C*onditor humani generis, custosque Jekova,
Nil homini tribuit, moderato Principe majus,
In quo vera Dei, vivensque elucet Imago.
Effigiem quam fers, Invictæ Monarcha Britannum;
Expectate diu, cui vatum oracla priorum
Aurea compositis promittunt secula bellis.
Vive diu, sed vive Deo, vitæque peracta
Puriter, æterna compositus pace quiescas.

A 2

Priscæ

Priscæ Scotorum Prophetiæ.

- S**cotia mæsta dole, propria jam perdita prole,
Regibus orba tuis, fraude subacta tuis.
- 2 Proh dolor ! ancilla fit libera, fraus perit illa,
Ignaræ sobolis gens, perit ecce dolis.
- 3 Magnifici funus Regis, dolor omnibus unus,
Subdita non legi, dat mala Regna regi.
- 4 O gravis anxietas, sexus dolet omnis, & ætas :
Quem sera mors rapuit, Natio Scota luit.
- 5 Pridem terra ferax, gens martia, natio verax,
Perdiderat gratum, quem tenuere statum.
- 6 Duro conflictu, fortunæ nobilis ictu,
Sunt in deterius, versa beata prius.
- 7 Sub juga venisti, quæ victrix ante fuisti :
Advena sceptrâ gerit, quæ velit, ense terit.
- 8 Anglorum nati, nec vi, nec more probati,
Væ tibi quod solo præda fuere dolo.
- 9 Gens invincibilis, gens fortis, gensque virilis,
Succubuit fati, res miseranda satis.
- 10 Gloria Scotorum, vernans ætate priorum,
Vel tantæ cladis, obtenebrata cadis.
- 11 Ecce repentinæ sunt hujus causa ruinæ,
Contemptus fidei, fraus, dolus, ira Dei.
- 12 Rerum cæcus amor, inopum oppressio, clamor,
Fugis, plebs regens, natio legis egens.
- 13 Festus majorum, vitiorum causa priorum,
Peccati fomes legis inepta comes.
- 14 Hunc cecinere statum, veterum præsagia vatun
Singula vovere, quæ cecinere fere.
- 15 Scandala, terrores, plagas, variosque dolores,
Ex serie fati, Scotia disce pati.
- 16 Gens surget ex te diversa prosperitate,
Vix poterunt scribi, damna futura tibi.

Priscæ Scotorum Prophetiæ.

v

- 17 *Sed ne disperes, quæ tantis luctibus heres.
Non est perpetua plaga futura tua.*
- 18 *Credo licet fera, veterum præsagia vera,
In bonitate Dei, sit tibi cura spei.*
- 19 *Nam quæ tot pateris, quæ jam captiva videris
Tandem solveris, imperialis eris.*
- 20 *Desuper eveniet tibi virtus; Scotia fiet,
Ultima prosperior, quam tua vita prior.*
- 21 *Promittunt veteres, quod erit tibi bellicus hæres,
Qui sua jura novans, Regna juvabit ovans.*
- 22 *Stragibus immensis sudabit Scoticus ensis,
Rex perdet cunctos Ultor ubique reos.*
- 23 *Irruit Angligena per eum gens, non sine pæna,
Ense, site, fletu, peste, tremore, metu.*
- 24 *Hostibus afflictis, stratis, per prælia victis,
Scotia tuque tui, placida pace frui.*

Alia Prophetica.

Milleffimus sexcentessimus mirabilis annus
Ternus erit, Scotis commoda magna ferens :
Ortus & interitus Regum fatalis, & idem
Anglorum ad Scotum transferet imperium.

Alia Prophetica, de Cathedra Marmorea.

NI fallat fatum, Scoti quocunque locatum
Invenient lapidem; regnare tenentur ibidem.

Laus JOVÆ, variæque hæres, hæres, & Elise,
Namque abeunt, tibi at adveniunt, sine sanguine
regna. The

The same in Scottish Meeter.
Old Scottish Prophecies.

SCOTLAND be sad now, and lament
 Thy Child whom thou hast lost :
 Bereft of Kings, falsely undone

By thine unkindly Host.

2 Alas ! the Free is Bound become,
 And Deceit is thy Fall,

The Falshood of the British Race
 Has brought thee into Thral.

3 **The Grave of the most Noble Prince**
 To all is great Regret,

Not subject to law, who doth leave
 The Kingdom and Estate.

4 O Anguish great ! where ev'ry Kind
 and Age doth lament,

Whom bitter Death has ta'en away,
 Shall Scotland fore repent.

5 Lately a Land of rich Increase,
 A Nation stout and true,

Has lost their former dear Estate,
 Which they did hold of due :

6 By hard Conflict, and by the Chance
 Of mobile Fortune's Force,

Thy Hap and thy Prosperity
 Is turned into worse.

7 Thou wont to win, now is subdu'd
 And come in under Yoke :

- A Stranger reigns, and doth destroy
What likes him, with Swords Stroke.
- 8 The English Race, whom neither Force
Nor Manners do approve,
Wo is to thee ! by Guile and Slight
Is only win above.
- 9 This mighty Nation, was tofore
Invincible and Stout,
Has yielded low to Destiny,
Great Pity is but Doubt.
- 10 In former Age, the Scots Renown
Did flourish goodly gay ;
But now, alas ! is over-cled
With a great dark Decay.
- 11 Then mark and see what is the Cause
Of this so wondrous Fall,
Contempt of Faith, Falshood, Deceit,
The Wrath of God withall,
- 12 Unsatiable Greed of Worlds Gain,
Oppression, Cryes of Poor,
Perpetual a slanderous Race,
No Justice put in Ure.
- 13 The haughty Pride of mighty Men,
Of former Vice chief Cause,
The Nutriture of Wickedness,
An unjust Match of Laws.
- 14 Therefore this Case the Prophets old
Of long Time did presage,
As now has hapned every Point
Into your present Age.
- 15 Since Fate is so, now Scotland learn
In Patience to abide
Slanders, great Fears, and sudden Plagues,
And Dolours moe, beside.
- 16 For out of Thee shall People rise
With divers Happiness ;

And

- And yet a Pen can scarcely write
Thy Hurt, Skaith and Distress.
17 And yet beware thou not distrust,
Although ov'rwhelm'd with Grief,
Thy Stroke is not perpetual,
For thou shalt find Relief.
18 I do suppose although too late
Old Prophecies shall hold,
Hope thou in God's Goodness ever,
And Mercies manifold.
19 For thou that now a Patient is,
And seemeth to be bound,
At Liberty shall Free be set,
And with Empire renown'd.
20 From high above shall Grace come down,
And thy State, Scotland, be
In latter End more prosperous
Nor former Age did see.
21 Old Prophecies foretell to thee,
A warlike Heir he's born,
Who shall recover new his Right,
Advance his Kingdoms Horn.
22 Then shall the Scots Sword sweat with Blood,
And Slaughter which they make;
The King himself Revenger shall
The guilty Troops down wrack.
23 The English Nation shall invade,
But not escape a Plague,
With Sword, with Thirst, with Tears and Pest,
With Fear, and such like Ague.
24 And after Enemies he's thrown down,
And mastered by War,
Then, Scotland, in Peace quietly,
Pass joyful Days for ever.



*When HEMPE is come and also gone,
Scotland and England shall be all one.*

K.	K.	Q.	K.	Q.
HENRY,	EDWARD,	MARY,	PHILIP,	ELIZABET.
the VIII.	the VI.		of Spain, Q.	
			M's Husb.	

H E M P E

Praised be God alone, for HEMPE is come and gone,
And left us Old *Albion*, by Peace joined in one.

Tempore patet occulta veritas.
In Time appeareth hidden Truth.

MERLING sayes in his Book, who will
read right,
Although his sayings be uncouth, they
shall be true found.

In the seventh chapter, read whoso will
One thousand and more after Christs Birth.
When the Charnalider of Cornwel is called,
And the Wolf out of Wales is vanquished for aye;
Then many ferlies shal fall, and many folk shall die;
Many felcouth shal be seen in all Christen lands,
In the Moon and the Sea, and signs in the Sun;
And in all planets plainly that appears to the sky;
Then shall the Lyon be best in the bread North
And a fellow flaw shal fall soon after
And a shedding of Blood within short time:
Both the Moon and the Mernes great dool shal make
And all Mar shall mourn many days after,

B

The

The great Bear with his tusks the field shall lose,
 A fell showre of the south shal sad him for ever,
 And that Leid shal his life lose in another Land.

Then shal a friek be fostered far in the South,
 And to the kyth shall he go that he came from,
 With much wealth and worship shall he go home,
 And inhabite Albany unto the End.
 Both the yles and Arran at his own will,
 Many Men shall laugh when he home comes.
 Bot much selcouth shall be seen within short time,
 At his own kind blood, there shall he begin,
 Choose of the chiefest and chop off their Heads :
 Some harled on sleds and hanged on hie,
 Some put in Prison and much pain bide.

The Crab shall be out of his clift a long time,
 With unkind blood and yet shall recover :
 And other beirns in whole banisht forever,
 Covetice shall be his name, the King of that Kyth
 For both his heart and his head shal be of flint forged.
 No Lord shall live in that Land but himself alone ;
 But they are be-eaved of blifs, to keep them in baile,
 Yet shall a Man of more vail mar him for ever,
 For suddenly he shall go down and die in a fen.
 There shal no King come in that kyth for a long time
 But a figure of a flowre, the fairest of the firth
 The white flowre and the red, so shal he be called.

In the mouth of Arran a selcouth shall fall,
 Two bloody Harts shal be taken with a false train,
 And derfly dung down without any doome :
 Ireland, Orknay, and other Lands many
 For the death of those two great dool shall make.

Then much sorrow is seen within seven Years,
 Both the Crab and the Cock they shall escape,
 For more harm at that time shall they not have,
 When

When the Raven rouns many shall rue,
 From Cornwel to Caithness they shal his cry hear
 When the Gled in his clift is climbe to the hight,
 He counts not the Lyon that he is kind Lord :
 Then the Graip would govern all and gaps thereafter
 With great gifts of gold the flowre would he get,
 Come he once in his clooks, he covers it never.
 Then would a poor captive be keeper of the Kyth,
 Yet shall it fail the freit that the fool thinks.

When the Cock crows, keep well his comb,
 For the Fox and the Fulmart they are false both.
 When the Raven and the Rook has rounded together
 And the Kid in his clift shall accord to the same,
 Then shall they be bold, and soon to bail after.
 Then shal the Buck in belling time make a great bear
 It is but wind that he wafts, for he is but away.
 Then shall waken up a war, and much wo after,
 When the birds of the Raven rugs and reavs,
 And the leil men of Lothian be loppen on their horse,
 Then shall the poor people be spoiled full near,
 And the Mers shall mourn many days after,
 And all the Abbies truely that stands on Tweed,
 And all Lothian shall live on their lives anter,
 They shall burn and slay, and great reif make,
 There dare no poor man say whose man he is.
 Then shall the land be lawless, for love there is none,
 And falsset shall have foot fully five years,
 And truth truly shal be tint, and none shal trust other:
 The cosine once shall not trust the other,
 Nor the son the father, nor the father the son,
 For to have his goods, he would have him hanged.
 Then shall they a Counsel call for peace of the Kyth,
 To make love among Lords, but that shall not last :
 For those Barrons and Batchelers that will not obey,
 That will not keep to their cry, nor come to their call:

Then shall men be marked for their misdeeds.
 That shall turn them to tein within a while after,
 When 14 are past, & twice three, the threep is at end,
 And over a water he shall, and fair see for himself,
 And in a fair forrest shall an Ern big,
 Many man shall lose their life in the mean time :
 For they shall pitch a field and scarcely fight ;
 Upon a broad mure a battel shall be,
 Beside a stock Crosse that stands in the North,
 It is covered with dead Corps, and all of a Kyth,
 That the Crow may not know where the cross stood.

The Wolf shal be watchman, & keep many wayes,
 And shall be leil to the Lyon, his own kinde Lord,
 Holy Church is cumbered with the best of the Kyth
 With languages that lives not by Christ, but that shall
 not last.

From Balcomy to the Basse on the broad sea,
 And from Ireland in the Forth shall be a fair fight
 Of Barges and Billingers, and many broad sail ;
 With 3 Libberts, & the Flowredeluce fair upon hight :
 Then shal an Hunter in haste come forth of the South
 With many Ratches in row ruled full right,
 And shall go on his foot over the water of Forth :
 And in Fife shall he fight, and the Field win :
 And the Chiftanes shall die on either side.

When the man in the Moon is most in his might,
 Then shall Dumbarton turne up that is down,
 And the mouth of Arrand both at one time.
 And the Lord with the lucken hand his life shal he lose
 For covetousnesse and treason, that loses the land.

When the craigs of Tarbat is tumbled in the sea,
 At the next Summer after sorrow for ever,
 Beids Books have I seen, Banesters also,
 Marvelous Merling and all accords in one,

Marvelous Merling is wasted away,
 With a wicked woman wo might she be :
 For she hath closed him in a Craig on Cornwel cost.

When the Cock in the North hath builded his nest,
 Busked his Birds, and bowned him to flee :
 Then shall Fortune, his friend, the gates up cast,
 And right shall have his free entry.

Then rise shall the Moon in the North-West,
 In a cloud as black as the bill of a crow ;
 Then is loused a Lyon, the boldest and the best,
 That was born in Britain since Arthures dayes.
 Then shall a dreadful Dragon dress him from his den
 To help the Lyon with his great might ;
 A Bull and a Bastard spurs shall spend,
 To abide with the Bear, to reckon his rights.

A Libbered engendered of native kind,
 With the stern of Bethlehem shall rise in the South,
 An Horse and an Anthelop, boldly shall abide,
 A Bear and a Brock, with berns so bright.
 A proud Prince in the preis Lordly shall light,
 With bold Barrons in bushment to battel shall wend.
 Then shall the prophecie prove that Thomas of tels,
 Many comely Knight is cast under foot,
 That shall make Maidens mourn, that in bowre dwels,
 The dreadful day of destiny shal drive to the night :
 Shal make maidens and wives in mourning be broght.
 Then they meet in the morning with the Moon light :
 Betwixt Seton and the sea, sorrow shal be wrought.
 There the Lyon shall be hurt and not perceived,
 Then shal he braid to the best, that him the hurt wrought
 And many stern in that stound shal fold to the free,
 And the proudest in the preis to bail shall be brought,
 The fey Fox and the Fulmart in arms are taken,
 And led to the Lyon Law to abide :

The

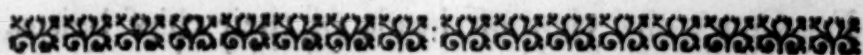
The Pyper and the Pye shall suffer the same:
 All the friends of the Fox shall be fey made.
 Then shall Troy untrue tremble for dread,
 For dreaddor of the deadman when they hear him speak,
 All the commons of the kyth shall cast him the keys
 The bushment of Beverlaw therewith shall break.

When War men and Woods, away went,
 And every seed in his season kindly is set,
 And right well ruled, and falshood is fled:
 Then shall be plenty of peace when laws have no let,
 The Spouse of God shal sing with a joyful song,
 Thanking God thereof, and the Trinity,
 And all grace and goodnesse shal grow us among,
 And every fruit shal have plenty by land and by sea:
 Then the Sun and the Moon shal shine bright,
 That many dayes afore dark have been,
 And keep their course both day and night,
 With more mirth than men have seen,
 As Berlingtons books, and Banester us tels,
 Merling, and many mo, that with marvels mels,
 And also Thomas Rymer in his tales tels.

They say, the Saxons shal choose them a Lord,
 That shall make them greatly to fall under:
 The dead man shal rise, and make them accord,
 And this is much wonder and flight,
 That he that was dead, and buried in sight,
 Shall rise again and live in the land,
 In comfort of a young Knight,
 That Fortune hath chosen to be her Husband.
 The wheel shall turn to him ful right,
 That Fortune hath chosen to be her fire:
 In Surry shal he shew a sight,
 In Babylon bring many a beirn or beir,
 Fifteen miles from Jerusalem the holy crosse win
 shall he.

The

The same Lord that bears the Lyon,
 At Standfoord wan the gree,
 Fortune hath granted him the Victory,
 Since first that he arms bare :
 For without treason or traitorie,
 Destiny shall not him dear,
 While kind of age till him drive,
 For every man on Mold must die :
 But end he shall in the land of Christ,
 And in the vale of Josaphat buried shal he be:



The Prophecie of *BEID*.

BEtwixt the chief of Summer and the said Winter,
 Before the heat of Harvest happen shall a war,
 That Europs Lands earnestly shall be wrought,
 And earnest envy shall last but a while :
 But the Lyon with his lusty flowers,
 For harm of hard heat shall hap him with leaves :
 Then speed and spread him to Spain into Winter,
 All flours in the Forth shall follow him on.

Callender shall cry Cornwel the nobel,
 And inherit all Albany at his own will,
 Envy to all Alliers anone to be wrocken,
 Old Almoscycianes, and Albany the same,
 Shall recover castles and towrs out of Saxons hands ;
 When Britoners shall bear them with brands of
 steel,

There shall no bastard blood bide in these Lands.

Albanus that time King of the Earth,
 Albanaetus King and Lord of the Land,
 To the Lillie shall lean, and love none other.

The Lyon leader of all, and Lord of all beasts,
 Shall

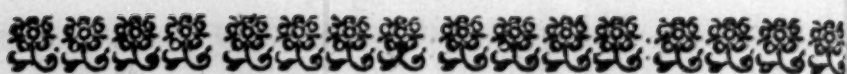
Shall lean to the Lilly, and live him with :
 And shall stir him to strive by the stream of Humber,
 The stepsons of the Lyon sturdily of themselves,
 They shall start up with strife, and stir all at once,
 And strik down the stepsons and destroy them for ever :
 Neither love they the Lilly nor the Lyon :
 But the Lilly shall be louse when they least ween,
 Then all shall happen to the Hart, happen as it may
 And the tail of the Summer toward the Harvest.
 Be then the Lilly shall be loused when they least think,
 Then clear Kings blood shal quake for fear of death.
 For Churls shal chop off heads of their chief beirns,
 And carfe off the Crowns that Christ hath anointed,
 All this must destiny drive to an end.

An Eagle of the East, a venterous beast,
 Shal be glad flowers to fang in the first season,
 And stir to the Stepson, and strike them together.
 Bind bands brukle and bail to begin :
 For he would Garlands get of these fair flowers,
 That in the Summer season spreads so fair :
 But soon shall fail the freit that the fool thinks,
 A fel Northren flaw shal fade him for ever.

Hereafter on either side, sorrow shal rise,
 The Barges of clear Barrons down shall be sunken,
 Seculars shall sit in Spiritual seats,
 Occupying Offices, anointed as they were.
 The true tittle to purchase that the truth holds,
 They shall torment them with torments anew.
 Then Barrons shal busk on their best wife.
 Attour the Fels, to fair with a fey Fox bird ;
 Turn first to Christ with Tods wyles,
 But soon the Tod shall be tint, and his Time losed,
 They shal escape such a check, eschew whofo may,
 Then shall the noblest escape with the Felles,
 Yet shal the one Fox in the field escape :

The

The Falkon shal be loused in his Wings,
 Whoso trusts not this tale, nor the tearm knows,
 Let him on Merling mean, and his merry words.
 As true Thomas told in his time after,
 At Standfoord shal be seen example of their deeds :
 Yet it must overdrive the Tod in his busk.
 Busk thee now Barwick with thy broad Wals,
 Thou shal incline to thy King that is thy kind Lord
 As sainct Beid of that burgh in his Book sayes,
 Thou shalt with the Lyon lean, and listen for ever,
 Though thou be subject to Saxons, sorrow thou not
 Thou shalt be loused at last, believe thou in Christ,
 And every language shal have his Lordship to brook.
 It was not lost but lent for a little time,
 Bold Berwick be blyth with thy broad wals,
 Thou shalt to the Lyon stoope as Lord of his own :
 Let never the Libbert lippen longer a day,
 In bold Brittain to brook a foot-broad of earth,
 Whoso doubts of this deed, or denies hereon,
 I do them well for to know the date is devised :
 Take the formost of middle-earth, & mark by thy self
 With four Crescents, closed together :
 Then of the Lyon, the longest see thou choose :
 Louse not the Lyonnesse, let her ly still.
 If thou cast through case course of the Heaven,
 Take Sanct Andrews Cross thrise :
 Keep well these teachments, as Clarks have told,
 Thus begins the date, deem as thou likes,
 Thou shalt not cease in that seat, assumed in the text,
 Or the height of the heat nearest the Winter,
 No taile of the tearm will I thee tell.
 But Chastity the Chiftain of their Chief wrongs,
 Or in the height of the Harvest, heard of thy self,
 Shal wicked weird undo, and to the right.
 And this ere I wist, I wakened anone :
 Though I write as it was, wist I it not.



The Prophecy of MERLING.

IT is to fall when they it find,
 That fell on face, is fain to flee ;
 That Commedare of stordlings striende,
 Waving through the work of winde :
 The Bear his mussel shall upbind,
 And never after bound shall be,
 Away the other shall weave with wind,
 And as they come so shall they flee.

Syce shall up, and sink shall under :
 The dead shall rise, and work great wonder :
 And joy shall rise to man and wife,
 The sorrowful shall still of strife.
 All men shall joy of his Resurrection,
 And in special men of Religion.
 The Morter is ready, the Pestel also,
 The Saufe shall be bitter, and that to his Foe,
 And the Devils also shall helpen to.
 Then the Banks of Beil shall bloom all about :
 Then hie thee Hurcheon to Hales, & close thee therein
 Thou shal be werped with a wind, & plucked ilk-pen,
 Shall never down on thy skin nor birs be thee left,
 The thunder shall work thy hold to the cold earth,
 Shal never stone upon stone nor ground be thee left,
 And so that wretched work is destroyed for ever.

There shall a Galyart Goat with a golden Horn,
 A Pilledow, with a Toade, such a prime Hold,
 With their Peers in a Place by a Stream side :
 To strive with the stream, but they no strength have,
 For their moving they meet in the mid-way,
 All the Grooms shall grounch by the way-side,

And

And many bairns shal have his byth on the backside;
 And that marvel shall fall by a Fyrch-side :
 Where the Leader of the Land shall his Life lose,
 But that bargain shall brew in a bare Burgh,
 That shall banish from Blisse many bright Helme,
 When it is breived of his back, and his brief known
 Of dumb Organs dight, then may thou will deem
 Of all the weil & the wealth before then was wrought ;
 With Hunger and Hirship on every Hill.
 Yet this wicked World shall last but a while ;
 While a Chistain unchosen choose forth himself,
 And ride over the Region, and for Roy holden :
 Then his scutifiers shall skail all the fair South,
 From Dumbarton to Dover and deal all the lands,
 He shall be Kid conquerour, for he is kind Lord
 Of all Britain that bounds to the broad Sea,
 The conqueßing shall be kept and never conquest
 after,

By the coast ye shal know when the knight comes ;
 He has a mark in the middle, where no man may
 know :

When he is set in the East when the Sun riseth :

He has a sign shall shew on the South Side.

Signum venenosi sanguinis de ventre matris sue,

All Wales I wish shall wend with that Roy,

For to work his will, where he think would,

Guiane, Gaskoignie, and Britane the blyth,

Shall busk to his bidding on their best wise :

The whole men will help in his most hight,

Then shall he turn into Tuskane but treaty or true,

And busk him over the mountains on mid-winter even ;

And then go to Rome, and rug down the walls,

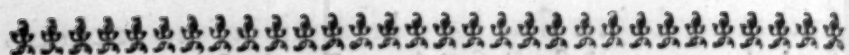
And over all the Region Roy shall be holden.

Oft this Book have I seen, and better thereafter,

Of marvelous Merling, but is wasted away,

With a wicked Woman wo might she be.

The



The Propheſie of BERLINGTON.

WHen the Ruby is raiſed, reſt is there none
 But much rancour ſhal riſe in river and plain.
 Much Sorrow is ſeen through a ſluth Hound,
 That bears Hornes in his Head like a wyld Hart :
 Then a Brock ſhal make a braid on a broad field,
 And an Hound ſhall bear a back with a brim face :
 The ſlouthful Slouth-hound ſhal ſlay him for ever
 Through a treaty of a true, a train ſhal be made,
 That Scotland ſhal rue, and England for ever,
 For the which Gladſmoore and Govanmoore gapes
 thereafter.

Then ſhal the banks of Beil bloom all about.
 Then hye thee Hurcheon to Hales, & cloſe thee therein
 Thou ſhal be warped with a wind & plucked ilk pen
 ſhal never down on thy ſkin, nor birs be thee left :
 Thunder ſhal work thine hold to the cold earth :
 ſhal never ſtone upon ſtone, or ground be thee left
 And ſo this wretched beaſt is deſtroyed for ever.

When Faith fails in Prelates ſawes,
 And temporal Lords wil hold new Laws,
 And Lechery holden for privy Solace,
 And Reef holden for good Purchase,
 When Rome is divided in two Parts,
 And every Prieſt hath the Pope's Power :
 Then ſhall the Land of Albany
 Be put to great Perplexity.
 Man, Sin forthink, and Miſſe amend,
 Dread God, do Law, think on the End.

Betwixt Temptallon and the Baſſe,
 Thou ſhal ſee a right fair Sight

Of Barges and Billengers and many broad Sail,
 With 3 Libberts & the Flowredeluce hye upon hight;
 And so the dreadful Dragon shal rise from his den
 And from the deep doughty shal draw to the height.

Of Bruces Left-side shal spring out a Lease,
 As near as the ninth Degree,
 And shal be steemed of fair Scotland :
 In France far beyond the Sea :
 And then shal come again riding,
 With eyes that many men may see.
 At Aberlady he shal light,
 With hempen Helters and Horse of Tree,
 On Gosfoord Green it shal be seen,
 On Gladsmoore shal the Battel be.
 Now Albany thou make thee bown,
 At his Bidding be thou prompt,
 He shal deal both Towre and Town,
 His Gifts shal stand for evermore.
 Then boldly bound thee thereafter.
 Upon a broad Moore a Battel shall be,
 Beside a Stob-crosse of Stone,
 Which on the Moore stands hie,
 It shal be clearly clad over with Corps of Knights,
 That the Crow may not find where the Crosse stood.
 Many wife shal weep, and Syce shal under :
 The Dead shal rise, and that shal be Wonder,
 And rax him rudely in his shire shild,
 For the great Comfort of a new King.
 Now hie Powoke, with thy proud showes,
 Take thy Part of the Pelf when the Pack opens :
 It shal not be Gladsmoore by the Sea,
 It shal be Gladsmoore where ever it be,
 And the little Lowne that shal be,
 Is betwixt the Lowmond and the Sea,
 And well is the Man in all his Life,
 That hath a Cote-house in Fife ;

And

And yet once shal come the Day,
He would the Cote-houfe were away.

And there shal come an Hound out of the South,
With him a Rayment of Ratches ruled right :
And Aÿtor for the keiny shal he come,
And in Fife shal fight, and the Field win :
Yet shal a Northern flaw fail him for ever,
And kil him to Confusion, and return never.

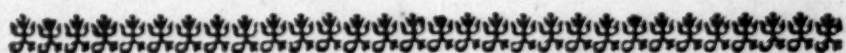
An Eagle then shal come out of the North,
With a flock of Birds fair at the flight ;
Which shal make many Foot founde and fall,
Then shal a Ghost come out of the West,
With him a fair Menye :
Upon the Eagle make him bowne :
But he so nye then shal he flee ;
I cannot tell you what he height :
A Bastard trow I best he be.
His Name shal not be expremed as now,
For he was gotten with a Lady in privity,
His doughty Deeds without all Doubt
Shal comfort all his Company.

How ever it happened for to fall,
The Lyon shal be Lord of all.
The French wife shal bear the Son,
Shal weild all Britain to the Sea ;
And from the Bruces Blood shal come,
As near as the ninth Degree.
Marvelous Merling, that many men of tells
And Thomas sayings comes all at once :
Though their sayings be felcouth ; they shal be sooth
found,
And there shal all our glading be,
The Crow shal sit upon a Stone,
And drink the gentle Blood so free :

Take

Take of the Ribs, and bear to her Birds :
 As God hath said so must it be.
 Then shal Ladies Lads wed,
 And brook Castles and Towers hie.
 Beid hath brieded in his Book and Banester also,
 Marvelous Merling and all accords in one :
 Thomas the true, that never spake false
 Consents to their sayings, & the same term hes taken.
 Yet shal there come a keen Knight over the salt sea,
 A keen Man of Courage and bold Man of arms :
 A Dukes Son doubled, a born Man in France,
 That shal our mirths amend, and mend all our bairns
 After the date of our Lord 1513, and thrice three
 thereafter

Which shal brook all the broad Isle to himself
 Betwixt 13 and thrice three, the threep shal be ended,
 The Saxons shal never recover after.
 He shal be crowned in the Kith, in the Castle of Dover
 Which wears the golden Garland of Julius Cæsar
 More worship shal be win of greater worth,
 Than ever Arthur himself had in his Days,
 Many doughty Deeds shal he do thereafter,
 Which shal be spoken of many Days better.



The Prophecie of *THOMAS RYMER*.

STill on my ways as I went,
 Out through a Land beside a Lee,
 I met a Bairn upon the way,
 Me thought him seemly for to see,
 I asked him wholly his Intent :
 Good Sir, if your will be,
 Since that ye bide upon the Bent,
 Some uncouth Tidings tell you me :
 When shal all these wars be gone ?

That

That leil Men may live in Lee,
 Or when shal Falshood go from Home?
 And Lawghty blow his Horn on hie?
 I looked from me not a Mile,
 And saw two Knights upon a Lee,
 They were armed seemly new,
 Two Crosses on their Breasts they bare,
 And they were cled in diverse hew:
 Of sundry Countreys as they were.
 The one was red as any Blood,
 Set in a shield a Dragon keen,
 He stird his Steed as he were mad,
 With crabbed Words sharp and keen,
 Right to the other Bairn him by.
 His Horse was all of silver shine,
 In it a ramping Lyon keen,
 Seemly into Gold was set,
 His border was of azur sheen,
 His shield was shaped right seemly:
 With silk and fable well was plet.
 I looked from over a Green,
 And saw a Lady on a Lee,
 That such a One had I never seen,
 The Light of her shined so hie.
 Attour the Moor whereat she foore,
 The Fields me thought fair and green.
 She rod upon a Steed full floore,
 That such a One had I seldom seen,
 Her Steed was whyte as any Milk,
 His Top, his Tail, were both full blae,
 A sad saddle sowed with silk;
 As all were Gold it glittered sa,
 His Harnassing was of silk of Inde,
 Set with precious stones free:
 He ambled on a noble Kind,
 Upon her head stood Crowns three,
 Her garment was of gowels gay,

But

But other colour saw I none.
 A flying fowl then I saw,
 Light beside her on a stone.
 A stoop into her Hand she bare,
 And holy water she had readie,
 She sprinkled the field both here and there,
 Said here shal many dead corps lye,
 At yon bridge upon yon burn,
 Where the water runs bright and sheen,
 There shal many steeds spurn,
 And Knights dye through battel keen.
 To the two Knights then did she say,
 Let be your strife my Knights free,
 Ye take your horse, and ride your way,
 As GOD hath ordain'd, so must it be.
 Saint Andrew thou hast the right :
 Saint George thou art mine own Knight :
 Thy wrongous Heirs shal work thee wo.
 Now are they on their wayes gone,
 The Lady and the Knights two :
 To that Beirn then can I ment,
 And asked tydings by my fay,
 What kind of light was that, I said,
 Thou shewest to me upon yon lee ?
 Or wherefrom came yon Knights two ?
 They seemed of a far Country.
 That Ladie that I let thee see,
 That is the Queen of Heaven so bright,
 The fowl that flew by her knee,
 That is saint Michael, much of might :
 The Knights two the field to ta,
 Where many men in field shal fight :
 Know you well it shal be sa,
 That die shal many a gentle Knight,
 With death shal many a doughty deal,
 The Lord shal be then away,

D

There

There is none Herrel that can tell,
 Who shal win the field that day.
 A Crowned King in arms three,
 Under the Banner shal be set :
 Two false and fained shal be,
 The third shal light and make great let.
 Banners five again shal strive,
 And come in on the other side :
 The white Lyon shal beat them down,
 And work them wo with wounds wide.
 The Bears head with the red Lyon
 So sweetly into red Gold set,
 That day shal slay the King with Crown
 Though many Lords make great let.
 There shal attour the water of Forth,
 Set in Gold the red Lyon,
 And many Lords out of the North,
 To that battel shal make them bown,
 There shal Crescents come full keen,
 That wears the Crosse as red as blood ;
 On every side shal be sorrow seen,
 Defouled is many doughty food.
 Beside a loch upon a lee,
 They shal assemble upon a day,
 And many doughty men shal die,
 Few in quiet shal be found away.
 Our Scotish King shal come full keen,
 The red Lyon beareth he :
 A feddered arrow sharp I ween,
 Shal make him wink, and warre to see,
 Out of the field he shall be led,
 When he is bloody and wo for blood ;
 Yet to his men then shal he say,
 For Gods love turn you again,
 And give yon Southern folk a fray :
 Why should I lose? the right is mine,
My date is not to die this day.

Yonder

Yonder is falshood fled away,
 And laughty blowes his horn on hie ;
 Our bloody King that wears the Crown.
 Full boldly shal the battel bide,
 His Banner shal be beaten down,
 And hath none hole his head to hide,
 The sterns three that day shal die,
 That bears the Hart in silver sheene :
 There is no Riches, Gold nor fee,
 May lengthen his Life an hour I ween.
 Thus through the field that Knight shal ride,
 And twice rescue the King with crown,
 He shal make many a banner yeeld,
 The Knight that bears the Tods three,
 He will by force the field to tae ;
 But when he sees the Lyon die,
 Think ye well he will be wae,
 Beside him lights beirns three,
 Two are white, the third is blae,
 The Tods three shal slay the two,
 The third of them shal make him die.
 Out of the field shal go no more ;
 But one Knight and Knaves three.

There comes a banner red as blood,
 In a ship of silver sheen,
 With him comes many ferly food,
 To work the Scots much hurt and woe.
 There comes a Ghost out of the West,
 Is of another language than he ;
 To the battel bowns him best,
 As soon as he the Senyour can see :
 The Raches works them great wantrest,
 Where they are rayed on a lee :
 I cannot tell you who hath the best,
 Each one of them makes other die.
 A white Swan set into blae,

Shal

Shal semble from the South sea,
 To work the northern folk great woe,
 For know you well thus shal it be,
 The staiks aught with silver set,
 Shal semble from the other side,
 Till he and the Swane be met ;
 They shal work woe with wounds wide,
 Through wounds wide their weeds hath wet,
 So boldly will their beirns bide.
 It is no reck who gets the best,
 They shal both die in that same tide.

There comes a Lord out of the north,
 Riding upon a horse of tree,
 That broad lands hath beyond Forth :
 The white Hind beareth he,
 And two Raches that are blew,
 Set into gold that is so free,
 That day the Eagle shal him slay,
 And then put up his Banner hie.
 The Lord that bears the Lofans three,
 Set into Gold with Gowels two :
 Before him shal a battel be,
 He wears a Banner that is blew,
 Set with Peacocks tails three,
 And lusty Ladies heads two :
 Unfaine of one, each other shal be,
 All through grief together they go,
 I cannot tell who wins the gree,
 Each one of them shal other slay.
 The Eagle gray set into green,
 That wears the Harts heads three,
 Out of the South he shal be seen,
 To light and ray him on a lee :
 With fifty five Knights that are keen,
 And Earls either two or three,
 From Carlil shal come bedeen :

Again

Again shal they it never see,
 At Pinkin Cleugh there shal be spilt
 Much gentle blood that day,
 There shal the Bear lose the gylt,
 And the Eagle bear it away.

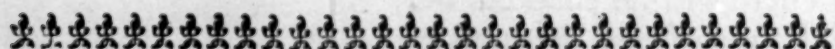
Before the water men calls Tyne,
 And there over layes a Bridge of stone,
 The Bears three shal lose the gree,
 There shal the Eagle win his name.

There comes a beast out of the West,
 With him shal come a fair menye,
 His Banner hath been seldom seen,
 A bastard trow I best he be;
 Gotten with a Ladie sheen
 And a Knight in Privitie.
 His armes are full eath to know,
 The red Lyon beareth he :
 That Lyon shal forsaken be,
 And be right glad to be away :
 Into an Orchard on a lee,
 With herbs green and allies gray,
 There will he enlaked be,
 His men sayes, harmesay ;
 The Eagle puts his Banner on hie,
 And sayes the field he won that day,
 There shal the Lyon ly full still,
 Into a valley fair and bright :
 A Lady shouts with words shril,
 And says, Wo worth thee coward Knight,
 Thy men are slain upon yon hill,
 To dead are many doughty dight.

Thereat the Lyon liketh ill,
 And raiseth his Banner hie on hight :
 Upon the Moore that is so gray,

Befide

Beside an headlesse cross of stone :
 There shal the Eagle die that day,
 And the red Lyon win the name.
 The Eagles three shal lose the gree :
 That they have had this many a day :
 The red Lyon shal win renown,
 Win all the field and bear away.
 One Crow shal come, another shal go,
 And drink the gentle blood so free.
 When all these serlies were away,
 Then saw I none, but I and he :
 Then to the beirn could I say,
 Where dwells thou ; Or in what countrey :
 Or who shal rule the Isle Britain,
 From the North to the South sea ?
 The French wife shal bear the Son,
 Shal rule all Britain to the sea :
 That of the Bruces blood shal come,
 As near as the ninth degree.
 I framed fast, what was his Name ?
 Whence that he came ? from what Countrey ?
 In Erlfingtown, I dwell at hame,
 Thomas Rymer men call-me.



The Prophecie of *WALDHAVE*.

UPon Lowdon Law alone as I lay
 Looking to the Lennox, as me lief thought,
 The first Morning of May, Medicine to seek,
 For malice and melody, that moved me fore,
 I lyed down, and leaned me, and listid well sleep,
 Upon the height of an hill as the voice bade.
 And as I lyed down, and heilded mine eyes,
 So heard I an hoarse Voice, and an hie cry,

That

That bad me, Waldhave, beware, and me well keep
 For fear of a wild beast, that his weird dries.
 Therewith I stonisht, stood, and start on my feet,
 And sained me on every side, as the voice bad,
 Then I looked but let, lightly me frae,
 And saw an hirsal in hie, of hares together,
 An hundreth I hope, well wholly there was :
 Then of Foxes, a flock, fully five score :
 All following on a fierce beast, that rudely them chast,
 That was all wood through weird woful to see.
 Right ragged and rent, and riven in Pieces :
 A battel with like bastoun, he bore on his broad lufes,
 Like a brimful beirn, battel to make.
 He thought to effray, and them fast pressed,
 As he in fold would them fang, firm at his will :
 But when he saw me with sight, soon he them left
 And when he shundered away, no more I them saw.
 Then groaning grimly, he girt to me soon,
 As gerrert the great shrew had done for the nonce,
 He struck fast with his staff, and stonisht me fore.
 But I kepted him by Christ, with a keen weapon,
 That was my sword till I swat, swinging me about
 And a buckler well broad, that kepted me best,
 So freshly he forced me meet for to make,
 That he shundered on the fold, and his feet snappered,
 The baston on the bent sore brased him frae,
 And I but baid on his breast, bowned my self ;
 All grossling on the ground graciously him held,
 Through grace of the great God, that had me warnd
 He yelped, he yalmered, and youled lowd,
 And struggled fast his strength, and struck upon lost,
 But I held him by the Hair as mine hap was,
 And height to hurt him full fore, but he him still held ;
 And conjured him by Christ, and his Mother dear,
 That he should shew me to his kith and kin.
But long was it that he lay ere he speak might,

And.

And at the last he can leave, and lightly he said,
 Waldhave, wit thou, that well hath thee hapned;
 Thou thought not that thy weird this wrought should
 be

But let me rise of this race, and rest thee beside?
 And I shal readily, without riot, thee marvels tell:
 Great grace hast thou gotten, that got me this time,
 I shal grieve thee no more, so is thy grace turned.
 But yet I trusted not his tale while he his truth gave
 By the law and the lead, that he lived on;
 That I sure should be, and safe, and none ill betide,
 Then let I him rise, and leaned on his shoulder,
 And great marvel on his face, and his form had.
 He was formed like a freik all his four quarters:
 And then his chin and his face haired so thick,
 With hair growing so grim, fearful to see,
 I frained at him formost, the fear of himself,
 Why his figure and his face was so fearce made?
 If wearie of the world? or what him ailed?
 He girmed, he gasped, and groaned full fore,
 Wept with his gray eyes, and suddenly he said,
 Good game all the day, is as God will:
 For he is grieved through my Guilt, and I no grace
 served,
 My wild wanton will, and my misdeeds,
 I may know of all woe, and my weird alas!
 Because of my sin, that I served ever,
 Hath this sorrow, and this sight sent unto me,
 By trouble of my kin, that I am off come,
 Hath me turned into this care, and careful me made:
 That I have no hope of help, so help me our Lord,
 While he that put me in grief once grace send,
 Frain thou no further of my foot lets.
 Of other works, as I wat, ask if thou likes:
 Thine esling thou ask may, for answer I shal,
 In Woods and Wilderness, where my way lies

That

That I hearkened and heard, I height thee to say,
 Then frained I fearcely of this frivole world :
 What to be of war, if he wist ought ?
 Or who should weld us in this world, that sorrow drees
 To give us of good will, and get us to peace ?
 If there is fruits in this world, that so much worth is ?
 Should have fusion or force, and any fair after ?

And then he looked to the ground, & wept all a-while
 And he groaned for grief, weeping he said,
 Much anger and evil hath this Isle choosed,
 All through Oggered and Cist, and Elvines Knight,
 Brutus thy bairntime has much bail chosen,
 Since first in Britain to leind thou was brought :
 Sicknesse and sorrow, and forenesse set with syth,
 When thou sembled to the Sea, under sail sound :
 Noraway hath neddered them, and to meed brought :
 That hath newed their names, and named themselves
 English, that are Eastfood, and Edryons bairns,
 But all the anger that they make, their own shal be,
 That Westmoorland, wo mot thee betide ;
 For thou with war and thy wrong bairns ;
 When thou mels with the Mers and mixed with the fame
 Much malice and mischief thou made for thy self.
 Beirns and Banners thou brought upon lost,
 With burning and bail hath wrought sorrow,
 Carlile thy Captains hath much wo wrought :
 Thou shalt compelled be with care, thou thinks it
 but little :

Thou shalt thy gates yarn, thou yarns not thereafter
 Thou shalt yaimur and yel that all York shal it hear :
 Then the town shal be tint trow thou not else :
 Thy tops and thy turnates tumbled to the ground,
 No false fortune so fell, has thee at feed,
 That force shall fail thee when thou best thinkest,
 And lipens on London to lead thee for ever,
 On Linton and Lindsay, and Lancaster shires,
 E There

There shal a Lyon be lowfed that a Lord is,
 Both of London and of Lorn, as the Law will
 He shal alledge to be Leige, and the Law make :
 Leave nought upon loft, but waste them for ever.
 All the strengths of the Cost, and Castles every one
 He shal inclose them to his Crown & over them come,
 Burgane, Bamburgh, as he by rides :
 And Butlings beat it down and burn it for ever,
 The water shal welcome him, & the weaves of the sea :
 While he have won in hie all that he thinks.
 Through his truth upon Tweed, shal be turned after,
 If who will count the time of the year,
 If even eeking the hour, and the day come,
 And angred for evermore, this old men devises,
 Needleless thou Norham for nought that thou lookest,
 There is a Neker in the North thy nest shal destroy :
 Thou shal be wasted of thy works for thy wrong deeds
 There shal no warrand thee weir, that thou winks after :
 A black Bear, and a Brock, and a Bull head,
 A Boar whelp, with a Brock, and a broad head
 Shal them bound in their bours and bear them
 down forfuth

And build them up their walls, as they best think.
 Red Roxburgh thy role, and reddy thee bown,
 Thy root is now raised up, and rotten in sunder :
 Three Ravens and a Rook shal on thy rock sit,
 And rolp shal they, that Rome shal it hear.
 From Ros to Rosdeen was that right may be.
 Redy the Rescours, thou rests no more,
 For it is but reason the rights and rents be gathered.
 What janglest thou Jedburgh ? thou jags for nought,
 There shal a guilful groom dwell thee within,
 The Towre that thou trusts in, as the truth is,
 Shal be traced with a trace, trow thou none other :
 The new Castle is keen, kept full well,
Thereto take ye good heed, nor come not therein :

A bird with a Hand bow shal the heird keep,
 Hie in an holine, and in an hair wood,
 Both his horns shal he hang, and hast him therewith
 Dresse thee now Dumbar, and do for the time,
 Thou hast a dread for the Drake, that thee drown
 would

Thine heels are so hard set, with halmers of steel,
 Well heavy therefore, hold thee full still,
 The new work, that is next on the North stream
 Shall cast a blink to the Bafs, when the blink shines
 Be it guided with wit, and will be no waister.
 There shal no waister it weild, nor none evil doer.

Hailes, hold thee at home, so hold I it best,
 For hap thou to Halidown, thou art hurt for ever :
 There is an Hurtchen in an Hurst, in Heriot moor
 Hath marred the Myrsnap in Minto Craigs :
 That hath Mansions moved Maugre of his teeth.
 Dirlton and Dalteith, they dread no more else,
 But the Down and the Dow that the Drake leads :
 The Dragon they drown would but devise of France,
 Doth for them doughtily, as he hath done ever ;
 Edinburgh that old Craig is angered full sore,
 For the awe of the Erne that in the East builds,
 He hath a Falcons feire, that in far Lands,
 Both his feddering & his flight, & his flight gathered
 Needleffe they ney them, that is for nought ;
 For they never in the nest shal nourish their birds.

Striveling that strait place, a strength of the land,
 Why with Strabrock and Strathern strives thou to yarn,
 When Strabogie shal destroy all the Straiberies ;
 The strands of Strabrock shal stream them with blood,
 Three Storks in a stall shal stand them before,
 Stuffed all in steel weed, all on horse back :
 Their stoutnesse shal stint and stonish themselves,

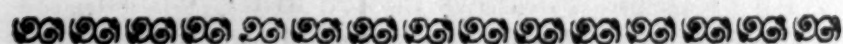
For stroaks so strive shal stent them within.
 Do now Dumbarton, while thy dayes last :
 A wretched cloud in the west, as Elders thee call :
 For thou art in a Craig, thou now care dreads
 Bear thee well to Bothwel, and build it up all.
 Then Crawford & Cumnock, with clean men of arms
 Let not light the lois leap out of town :
 For thou art Lord of the Lands, & a new Alban King,
 To Dowglas now do well, and it dear hold :
 For Dowglas the doughty may endure well,
 Deal the best of the lands, that longeth thee to,
 Feed them with fairnesse, and with fair words,
 Fy on the fellowship that hath a false end.
 Cative and curst men are cumbered for ever,
 There may no cative by Christ this kindred defend,
 Laughty and largeness are two love things,
 He that his life gave, loves them well.
 Knights and Christen men thereto heed take,
 Cast the curst men in care, but they to Christ turn,
 Think on Dumbarton the bold in old birns time,
 That thou art but a beeld, and in that land chief,
 Thou shalt take heed to this token that I shal thee tel,
 Believe it is as truly as it were written :
 When the Lowmond Law shal its leave take,
 From the Land of Lenex, and leave it for ever ;
 Leap lightly with Loup, and look thee about,
 And mantle all the Craig with a tower wall.
 With Barges and Balengers to rush at the gates.
 That both Fish and Foule that on flight goes.
 Be stirred up freshly, and fair them within,
 Then is Dumbarton burnt all to powder,
 And all in a cloud : thy war ended for ever.

And if ye fail of this freit after xiii years,
 Year ye yalply, and yairn ye no more.

The Castle of Carrick, that on a craig stands,
 Shal cry upon Cumnock for a true nest :
 That into Clidsdail coast clevers ful fast,
 In an Holine so hie by an elf busk.
 Then shall the Galloway Grooms get on their Mares,
 Three tods and tersel shal tene all the woods :
 From Tynemouth to Tultie, and be tole free :
 But a Goshalk of growth shal grieve him then,
 And get on a gray mare, that in grafs rests.
 In a gow of Gowrie by a gray stone,
 He shal tulie both the tods, and the tub also,
 And with the teind that is taken, turn into France.
 Two Wethers and a Wolf shal the field make,
 Betwixt a Yow and a Lamb that leads the flock,
 Before Butler the bargane shall begin :
 All it is bootles his bages he ript.
 Then shal the Yle of Rosay be rank ful of side bushes,
 Then each man rews them, for ruth of his heart,
 That would rend from the roode, and no rest thole.
 A Cative in a craig shal a towre build,
 And cry to Craig-Fergus the Crow done is ever,
 For a book in but, as a Bull horne,
 Bound with a bugle, blow when he likes,
 A proud Pown in a prefs Lordly shal light :
 With Piots and Pillidows pudled in the Crown,
 Plain power of the Pope must the Pown have,
 To pluck and to punish, and part him about,
 A Pyot shal partly appeal him again
 For his part of the Pelf, and the Pown wrong.
 There shall much sorrow and strife stir them once,
 That shal the Sterlings trouble, that stirs with wings,
 An Hare with an Hurcheon and the Hind calf,
 Shal hie them in holy land, and hold them therein,
 While a gray hound them grype, on the Greek sea,
 And go with them grievously, where him lief likes ;
 There shall no gaming them glee, while the gray hound
 Gryp

Gryp the gray hound, and grieve him full sore,
 And buffet him bitterly, then bite him with war,
 Go musing upon Merling if thou wilt,
 For I mean for no more, man at this time.

Then I studied stood and him held still :
 Then he could sturdily stir with his broad Eyes :
 But I couth further fraine, for his fathers soul ;
 If ever Frieck on his fold formed himself ;
 That he should witter me some way if he wist ought,
 What of this world and this war should after betide.
 Then as a Lyon he looked me on,
 Like as he leep would and rent me in sunder.
 He said, weens thou Waldhave, I ween into Heaven
 That I may in this World all my wit have.
 No, thou getst that of God, there gains none other,
 To whom he gives the grace they are of good life :
 But this tale that I tell you, ye shal trust it well,
 It is tratling, but truth, the sooth thee to say,
 I moved into my mind how the sooth stands,
 Muse on as thou may, the matter tho fraines
 Thou sins if thou freienes friand farther I tell,
 I have enough Waldhave my way for to make,
 Here in wilderiness I dwell, my weird for to dree.



WALDHAVE conjured the Spirit, to
 shew much more of sundry Things
 to come, as followeth.

BUt somewhat shall I say as sooth I heard,
 Amongst siedges unsound that over sooth is :
 Three Mairs of the Mers, shal mary themselves,
 With the Mertrickes of Mar that they much love.
 Those brime beasts wild, shal byte full bold,

To

To bail and to barter bairns anew.
 Then shal be first with the Bucks head,
 The other a Bear that is brime, shal brue much care,
 The third a Bull with a Bear that bears horns,
 Hudge and hideous on every side high,
 These three shal raike and reve in the wild North,
 There shal none other ride these ryotous beasts.
 A Cock with a keen comb shal compass them with
 All whole the wayes where the land lyes,
 With such a screik and cry shal their kind rise,
 That the Kinrik be Christ shal be cumbered thereof:
 But the happier half shal the Cock have ;
 For he is higher of head and hurts the lesse,
 These false Lurdans life lasts but a while,
 Till three Liberts in a ling from London shal come,
 And lean toward Lothian in Linlithgow shire,
 Towards Glasgou they go, graithly thereafter,
 Attour the hills where the way lyes,
 And on Govan moor graithed them to sleep,
 Then a Lyon as a Lord shal leap them among,
 And learn them a lesson though they loath think,
 Fell Felconds in field shal their fey worth,
 And their formales so far steemed for ever :
 Then Purvey thee Powock with thy proud shawes,
 Thou shalt have part of the Pelf, when the pak opens.

Then a Chiften unchosen, shal choose forth himself,
 And ride through the Realm, and Roy shal be called ;
 Then shal Wales worthily dwell upon loft,
 And choose them a chief Lord of Royalty holden,
 Scots heirs of Scotland shal scale them ful wide.
 In Humber shal brulye, their right for to have,
 Gresson and Godrant that were great Lords,
 They were traylied in that time with untrue folk,
 Heaven, and even heirs of the Land,
 Shal rent them, and reel in their way,
 And noy all the Norways that has them wrong wrought.
 When

When dead shal rise, and marvels shew,
 Look him flat in face, and none shal him know :
 Then the Lillie so liele with notable bairns,
 Send bodward in Britane to the bairn bold,
 Bids him blythly abide in battel joynt,
 Then a Lyon shal leap loose out of hands :
 The sixth out of Ireland, noblest of deeds,
 But when he is loose, then rest is there none,
 When the Syce is up, and the Sink under,
 Then shal the dead rise, and work great wonder.
 Among kind men in Kith kindle shal care,
 There shall a counsel sit that shal whole banks bear,
 Then Saxons are set with subtile thoughts,
 And proves partly to prick with party faces,
 And Wales warps up with wonderful deeds :
 And Ireland helps that head to his most hight ;
 And all York shire shal help, prove when he likes,
 He shal bind him to hide, with bairns anew.
 Enter up at a side, where the sea fills,
 In his own kind ground, where that he was born,
 With dignity and dear men that him well loves.
 For to conquest the clear Crown of Englands line.
 But all would fail, were not force that the fool thinks
 He should be so subtilly sold, were not Christ would,
 That this dolorous date must drive to an end :
 And the bastards blood left is for ever.
 Then in Britain, that day see who so will,
 Shal never bastard brook a foot broad of earth ?
 He shal be hurled and harled, and hasted to death,
 With a wolf out of Wales, & bring him out of dayes,
 And conquest the clear Crown of Englands right.
 He shal bring all England into good peace :
 While an Hunter shal rise, and reign in the North,
 Rax up his banners with riotous beirnes.
 For safety and supply of Bruces lands,
 Much sturt and strife shal stiere a while,

From

From the North to the South-sea, who so list :
 For when the towers of Torin is tumbled in the sand
 With hunger and hard life, and falshood on loft,
 Within seven years after great wonder shal be seen,
 By that the Libberts race is fastly at an end.
 Then the Lillie so leil shal leind in his hands :
 And to the Lyon shal get Lordships great ;
 For the Lyon shal arrive at Carlile,
 And leap on the Land, as Lord of the Ground,
 He shal leind in the Land, with his lief beirnes,
 And lame the Libbert, and lose him for ever,
 Shal never the Libbert leap one Day after,
 In bold Britane to brook, the Date is near passed.
 That King shall deal and part all the broad lands,
 To the Bruces blood, and other bold Knights,
 That shal go with the way to the wengin of Christ,
 In the Vale of Josaphat seen shal he be.
 Where many Saryans shal quake with their hearts
 When the dead Man shall rise, and shew them a sight;
 As Marvelous Merling hath said of before.
 Take heed to this tale, that I now thee tell,
 And trust it is as truly as it were written :
 When that Falshood hath foot and freedom is loft,
 And Covetous hath the Kyth at his own will ;
 When Laughty is laid low under foot,
 And kindnesse is courtesie his friends to beguile ;
 And no truth shal be shewed unto Christian lands,
 But all bent to deceit, and none trust other,
 Not the Father the Son in his bodily oaths,
 Holy Kirk shal have no girth, but plainly overturned ;
 And Lechery on loft, and none spare other ;
 And each blood with other knits together,
 The Law of our Saviour is quite forgotten.

This is a true talking that Thomas of tells,
 That the Hare shal hirple on the hard stone,

In hope of grace, but grace gets she none.
 Then Gladsmoore and Govan shal gape thereafter,
 Think not long on this loss, for it is near hand,
 When the Lamb is loose, that the holy Kirk keeps,
 Then Falshood is set in Seeges of Rome,
 And works for the warrand that the cure wan :
 Many Seeges shal sigh within short time after,
 And many marvels shal be seen within short time.

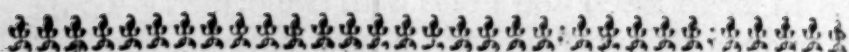
When the mouth of Arrane the top hath overturned
 Then shal Dumbarton mell of old done deeds :
 And so shal Arrane hop in a new mans hands :
 In hope of Dunbar, when Hails shal hault,
 When the Hunter shal come with his kind Ratches
 Hunt Fotherick and Fyfe and the field win.

When Summer is Winter, and winter is weet,
 With warping wind and tempest great,
 Then falshood is ready his friend to beguile,
 With hunger and hirship over all the broad lands ;
 Then shal the poor people be spilled full near,
 The Leed with the luckenHand is brought out of dayes,
 Subtilly his life shal lose and many an other,
 And many doughty shal die for that deed :
 And many Leed in the North shal their life lose,
 For covetous and treason them loses the land :
 Many a wife and maiden shal wring both their hands,
 Before this wicked war be brought to an end.
 The first root of this war shal rise in the North,
 That the Isles and Ireland shal mourn for them both,
 And the Saxons seased into Brutes lands.

When the Moon is dark in the first of the Number,
 With four crescents to eke forth the dayes,
 And thrice ten, is selcouth to see,
 With an L to lowse out the rest of the number ;
 Syne let three and two Thrieps as they will,
 This is the true date that Merling of tells,
 And gave to King Uter Arthurus father.

And

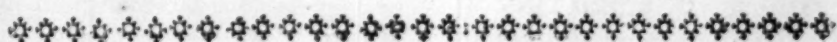
And for to meen and muse with these merry words,
 For once Britain shal be in a new Knights hands,
 Whose hap to bide shal see with his eyes,
 And Merling and Waldhave have said of before,
 And true Thomas told in his time after :
 As Saint Beid in his book brieved the same,
 Mute on, if ye may, for mister ye have.
 I shal give you a token, that Thomas of tells,
 When a lad with a lady shal go over the fields,
 And many fair thing weeping for bread,
 For love of their dear friends lies looking on hills,
 That it shal be woe for to tell the teind of their sorrow ;
 Then shal be wasted their chief lands.
 Where God curses with his mouth, dead must follow.
 Now wot thou Waldhave, my will is way to passe,
 To wood wildernesse, where my way lyes ;
 Then is Libberts three lamed for ever :
 And the Lyon shal be Lord and leader forsooth,
 And all Britan the broad shal him bow to,
 And his barnage bold shal him blisse keep.
 Then shal fruit well and fassion of corne,
 If freedome and friendship his fyance be holden :
 Try ye Christen men on Christ, and honour our King,
 Of all cures and cares, in this coast angers.
 And thus he sundered me fra, I frained no longer,
 But I marvelled fast at his fair head.
 I studied right stablely, all stonisht thereof,
 That I winked ere I wist, and wrought upon sleep
 And when I wakened, written I found,
 All these words on war, wanted there none,
 Brieved on a broad book, and on my breast laid.
 Blessed be the Brierer that the book wrote,
 Then can I make mo to muse, and melling therewith,
 The first morning of May, this marvel I saw,
 As I lay mine alone on Loudon Law,
 Looking to the Lennox as me lief thought.



The Prophecie of *GILDAS*.

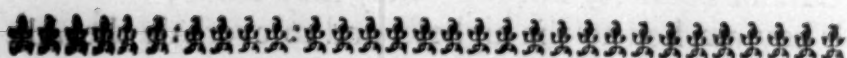
When holy Kirk is wracked, and will has no wit,
 And Pastors are pluckt, and pild without Pity,
 When Idolatry is in Ens and Re;
 And spiritual Pastors are vexed and away,
 And all Estates in fight are unknown,
 Because of their clothing, cunning or craft,
 Spiritually suspended, subverted and suspected,
 Denying their duty to God, and their debt,
 Prompted up like Princes, as the Peacock proud,
 Refusing their Religion, and their right rule;
 Then in the North a wicked wind shal blow,
 That all the Realm shal rue right soon thereafter,
 The gray hound shal be grieved and driven at under,
 And tramped for his truth to whom he kept trust.
 The kindest of his Kith shal not him know,
 But him and his misknow that ever they never knew,
 Then shal many ferly fall right soon after,
 And from Caithness to Dover shal walk but war,
 And mourn for his misfortune, that failed so soon.
 But better mourn for themselves, for need they have.
 Hales, when thou haltest herple not but hold thee,
 If thou speakest where you spoke, it shal able skald thee:
 The barred Lyon lawlesse at thee shal be grieved,
 Shal searh and seek thee, to destroy thee for ever;
 Yet shal a beirne from Barwick busk him and bown,
 And searh the treading of trwes that were afore tane,
 By the heedlesse people, that held at their own hand,
 The holes whole, and the Heardes had destroyed.
 Reason shal be sought, and granted shal be none;
 The movers thereof shal mene and may not mend.
 Then shal the Counsel which cumbered hath the Kith
Call

Call for comfort, but long they may crave;
 They marked to the highest, and to overhale the old;
 But all in vain they work, they shal not prevail;
 They shal work unwise, and wit shal they lack.
 Then waried their weird, that ever they were wrought,
 Then shal the Ratches in this Region take,
 And run their race rudely but any return.
 The best of the Kyth shal cry for support:
 But scarce shal they rise, they shal be so sweir:
 The Hound which was harmed, then missed shal be,
 Who loved him worst, shal weep for his wrack,
 Yet shal a Whelp rise out of the same race,
 That rudely shal rair, and rule the whole North,
 And quite the whole quarrel of old deeds done,
 Though he from his Hold be kept back a while.
 The Cock dare not crow, though it be his kind,
 But keep himself close, while come shal his time.
 Prepare thee Edinburgh, and pack up thy packs;
 Thou shalt be left void, be thou lief or loath;
 Because thou art variant, and steemed thy faith,
 Through envy and covetousness, that cumbred thee ever.
 True Thomas me told in a troublesome time,
 In an harvest morning at Eldom Hills.



The Prophecie of the English Chronicles.

THere shal proceed an holy Heremite in King El-
 tridus time; in this Manner in the book of
 King Henry the sixth, saying, These Englishmen, for-
 asmuch as they use to drunkennesse, treason, and care-
 lesnesse of God's House; First by the Danes, then
 by the Normans, and the third time by the Scots,
 that they hold the most wretches, and the least worth
 of all other, They shal be overcome and vincust, Then
 the world shal be unstable, The



The Prophecie of *SYBILLA* and *ELTRAINE*.

WHen the Goat with the Golden horn is chosen
to the Sea,

The next year thereafter Gladsmoor shal be.

Whoso likes for to read

Marvellous Merling and Beid,

In this manner they shal proceed.

Of things unknown,

The truth now to record :

And from the date of our Lord,

Though that it be shown ;

Take a thousand in calculation,

And the longest of the Lyon ;

Four Crescents under one Crown,

With Sanct Andrews Crosse thrise :

Then threescore and thrise three ;

Take heed to Merling truely :

Then shal the wars ended be,

And never again rise.

In that year there shal a King,

A Duke and no crowned King,

Because the Prince shal be young,

And tender of years.

Much sorrow and strife,

Shal be in Lowthian and Fife,

Through the Fulmarts false fears.

The Maudragill Moldiwarte,

Through the supplie of the fained Hart,

And launcing of the Libbert,

Lincked in a laice :

In Fife and Lowthian shal stand,

With many Bow, Bill, and brand,

And

And burn and slay all from hand,
Without any grace.

Then comes the Anthelope,
The blind Moldiwarte to stope :
With many Senyours in a sop :
Forth of all Airtes.

The Lyon ramping at the Royes,
With the Pronye, and the Papingoes ;
And many Knights for to cloyes,
Shal come from the South,

The fadled Horſe ſhal be ſecn,
Tyed to a tree green,
And with a viſa la fine,
In a bag ſhal be born :
Sine two Ships in a Shield,
That day ſhal fit the field,
To be the Anthelops bield,
And fetch him befor.

The Bears head, and the Brock,
The Beam, and the bloody Yoke,
Three Crescents, and a Cock,
Shal come from the North.

They ſhal come to the broyle,
And Knights keenly ſhal toyle,
For love of the Sinkefoyle,
And fight upon Forth.

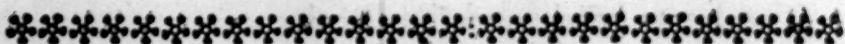
When the Battels draws near,
In their fight ſhal appear,
A Navie of men of Warre
Approaching at hand.

Then put their men in ordinance,
With five hundred Knights of France,
And a Duke, them to advance,
To be in the Vanguarde.

And to the Anthelope ſhal leind,
And take him eaſily to friend ;
Then the Libbert ſhal be riend,

And

And desperate of blisse.
 Scots and French shal take a part,
 With a proud haitrent heart :
 And shal upon the Moldewarte
 Ere they dissever.
 His bow to him shal be no beild,
 All his Knights shal be kilde :
 Himself is slain in the field,
 And vincust for ever.
 Thus shal the Wars ended be,
 Then Peace and Policie,
 Shal reign in Albanie,
 Still without end.
 And whoso likes to look,
 The Description of this Book,
 This writes Beid, who will look,
 And so doth make an end.



*Here followeth a Prophecie pronounced by a noble
 Queen and Matron, called Sybilla Regina Austri,
 That came to Solomon. Through the which she com-
 piled four Books, at the Instance and Request of the
 said King Solomon and others: And the fourth
 Book was directed to a noble King called Baldwin,
 King of the broad Isle of Britane. Of the which
 she maketh mention of two noble Princes and Empe-
 rours, the which is called Liones, of these two shall
 subdue and overcome all earthly Princes to their Di-
 adem and Crown, and also be glorified and crowned
 in Heaven among Saints. The first of these two is
 Constantinus Magnus that was Leprosus, the Son of
 Saint Helen, that found the Crosse. The second is
 the sixth King of the Name of the Stewart of Scot-
 land, the which is our most noble King.*

BRITANE

BRITANE.

IN Scotland shal reign the most noble and valiant Chistan that ever was; full of Wisdom and Policie, cruel in Justice as a Lyon, and fierce. He shal be meek as a Lamb, but somewhat inclined to fragility of his flesh. In his time shal be great Justice and Peace: But alace for sorrow! for by treason he shal be destroyed. This Lamb shal make many good houses and fair places: He shal take great adventurous travels; and a little before his death, he shal have war with them that should be his friends, and he shal get victory over them: But by falset of his own, he shal be drawn to a place of bat-tel, where he shal get great discomfort, by the which he shal die. Therefore, alace, for sorrow of his Line, which shal be in great trouble. And after him there shal be a Chistan of the Kyth, unstable as the wind, wavering as the wave of the sea. In his time shal the Church tremble as an aspen Lease, and great trouble in all manner of Estates: But it shal not long last.

Also the Wolf shal rise against him, out of the Northwest, and make him great trouble; but he shal not prevail; for by the help of the Wolfs brother and the Fox, the Wolf shal be slain by a water side: And soon after, there shal come out of the North a Dragon and a Wolf, the which shal be the help of the Lyon, and bring the Realme to great rest and peace with glory, with the most joy and triumph, that the like was never seen these many years before. For by the sweet smell of the Lillie and the Flowre-deluce, there shal a Chistaine of the Kyth choose forth himself, stable as a stone, stedfast as the Christal, firm as the Adamant, true as the Steele, immaculate as the Sun, without

all Treason: He shal saile on the Sea, with wall on every side, and that with great glory and joy, to deliver the Kyth out of all thraldome and dolour; for he shal be strong as the Wolf, wise as the Serpent, humble as the Lamb, simple as the dove, victorious as the Lyon, Prince of Justice, the weal of this Nation, he shal bind his tail with the red Dragon, and accompany him with the Lyon, these three shal rise against the Moldiwarte, the which is cursed of God: This Moldiwarte shal have an earthly skin as a Goat, the vengeance of God shal fall upon him for sin, and the suffering of the great pride of his people unpunished: Also they shal thrust him forth of his Realme, and make all the foure chiefe fouds of his Realm to runne blood, and after that the Moldiwarte shal flee, and take a Ship to save himself: For he shal have no more power of this Realme: And after that he shal be glad to give the third part of his Realme, to have the fourth part in peace, and he shal not get it: For the will of God is, that no man shal have mercy, but he that is merciful: And after that he shal live in sorrow all his lifetime: And die by adventure suddenly in a foud of the Sea: And his progenie shal be fatherlesse in strange Countries and Lands for evermore, because they were gotten against the Law of God: For by that generation the Realme of England is repleat of all iniquity and abomination of sin. And so the Wolf, the Dragon with the Lyon, shal divide the Realme of England, and so shal the Land be conquest by the power and will of God, and not by strength of man.

And he that is an English-man born, shal denie and perjure his native Nation and Realme: But yet they shal be as tributers to these aforesaid three Beasts, and all wholly subdued to them. And then the Spouse of God shal be glad of her deliverance, and

and her children shal inhabite their lands with joy in the service of their Father by Creation. Well is the man that keepeth his true part to that time. For after those dayes the Law of the Spouse shal be well kept.

But in the mean time, that religious persons suffer patiently persecution, and specially the poor, which have left all for their Spouse sake, for they shal be glad to flee to the mountains and caves for their safeguard: But he for whose sake they do suffer, shal redresse their dolour to joy without end.

And the Yle of Britane shal be in all joy and peace, and the just shal be glad in the suppressing of their adversaries: And then shal all good men and women give perfect laud and praise to GOD Omnipotent: For GOD doth suffer man to be punished for sin.

And then shal the Owle, the Bear with the Eagle be all destroyed, because they were untrue to the Moon, and changed into blood: For by their counsel, the whole Lyon, gentle of nature, was degenerate, and mad against them that was his trusty friends: For he shal be the cause of great and much trouble, and shedding of much innocent blood, and the beginning of great discord amongst them that should be friends. And as for his succession, they shal never inherit their lands. And then shal the Bruce beware and take good heed that he shed no blood in the Lands; but draw him to his strength, for the Wolf shal await him at an advantage and be his death, and then shal all the birds of the wood sing for joy, that the Wolf is made watchman, and enemy to the Fox. For all shal be one in truth and peace, Treason shal be known: And the Sun shal shine clear, but the Moon shal be under covert and dark, till GOD be pleased to redresse: The white
Lyon

Lyon ramping shal have his den at large, for his stedfast truth that he kept to the Kyth.

And he shal keep the birds in their bounds with all glory : But the Unicorne shal couch full low for falshood that he wrought with the Raven ralping, and that was for their greedinesse and treason that they shal do by the Sea, and under a great hill : For the Cock that should have been true was false, and drew with him the Papingo ; by which the Rose gave no smell, that ever was pleasant to the Kyth, and so in their trace they shal draw the best Fowles in the wood ; wherefore alace ! But then let them take heed, for then comes their distresse : The horne shal blow dolour in sound, that all the Castles of Tyne shal quake : And the Hart shal run, and make little debate : Woe shal be, but it shal not long last : For the Wolfe with the Dragon and the Lyon shal they release, that long lay in their den, and Justice shal be had, that was stayed to rise. Then shal tremble and quake the Stalwart and the Starke, and the right shal be had, that Justice shal draw, and woe shal be to them that no pity would have : For the Chiftain of the Kyth that God would should guide, and strike treason down on every side.

And happy is that man that may it see :

But happy is that Chiftain, what ever he be.

F I N I S.

